Amusements and Meetings To-Night.

EAGLE THEATER.—1:30 and 8: "La Belle Poule." Aimée.
FIFTH AVENUE THEATER.—"The Princess Royal."
GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—2 and 8: "Miss Multon."
NEW BROADWAY THEATER.—2 and 2: "Our Girl."
OLYMPIC THEATER.—2 and 8: "Jack and Jill."
PARK THEATER.—2 and 8: "Our Boarding House."
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.—2 and 8.
TONY PASTOR'S NEW THEATER.—Variety.
UNION SQUARE THEATER.—1:30 and 8: "The Danicheffs."
WALLACK'S THEATER.—1:30 and 8: "My Awful Dad."

COOPER UNION.—Lecture. Prof. Mendenhall.
HELLER'S WONDER THEATER.—2 and 8: Magical and Musical Performance.
NEW-YORK AQUARIUM.—Day and Evening.

Index to Advertisements.

Business Notices.

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New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1877.

WITH SUPPLEMENT.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—Egypt and Tunis have sent munitions of war and mitrailleuse batteries to the Sultan. ═══ The protocol is to be signed immediately. ═══ Consul Sutter has been imprisoned at Acapulco by one of President Diaz's generals. ═══ An insurrection has broken out in Armenia.

DOMESTIC.—A great many conferences were had in Washington yesterday by Hampton and Chamberlain with Cabinet officers and others; at Mr. Hayes's request Chamberlain has submitted plans for a settlement; a Cabinet meeting discussed Southern affairs, and manifested a strong desire for withdrawal of the troops. ═══ A rumor was circulated yesterday that Mr. Tilden had served a writ of *quo warranto* on Mr. Hayes, but it proved to be false. ═══ John P. Stockton was confirmed Attorney-General of New-Jersey; the Governor's nominations of District Court Judges were all confirmed except for one court in Jersey City. ═══ Mr. Post's State Prisons bill passed the New-York Assembly.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—Northern trunk line officers say that the Baltimore and Ohio's bad faith caused the renewal of the railroad war. ═══ The Intercollegiate Literary Association adopted its new constitution. ═══ Five buildings in Greenwich-st. were burned, with an estimated loss of $50,000. ═══ The Police and Park Commissioners differ on a question of jurisdiction. ═══ Impressive Good Friday services were held in Roman Catholic and Protestant Episcopal churches.

THE WEATHER.—TRIBUNE local observations indicate a fair morning, followed by gradually increasing cloudiness, and ultimately rain. Thermometer yesterday, 37°, 50°, 39°.

Gov. Hampton has not only constructed his own State Government, but he has organized his own personal furor. He has earned his recognition.

The Hon. John P. Stockton, who fell from the Senate about the time of the Salary Grab, is again slowly climbing up the ladder of New-Jersey politics. Last year he elbowed his way into the St. Louis delegation; now he has been made Attorney-General. At this rate, he may eventually aspire to the Legislature.

There seems to be no further room for doubt that the United States will be formally represented at the Paris Exhibition. The efforts of the press and of public-spirited citizens to this end have made action by Congress at the coming session almost certain. This much being assured, the composition of the Commission which is to have charge of the matter becomes of the greatest importance. Some valuable suggestions on this and other points are made in a Washington letter printed on another page, and with it will be found a statement by some prominent citizens of their efforts to secure an adequate representation of American industries.

This is a pleasant doctrine on the subject of arrests put forward by the Park Commissioners. If the police cannot make arrests in the parks because they are within the jurisdiction of the Park Department, those pleasant places will speedily change their character. Instead of playgrounds for innocent youth and sunny resorts for the contemplative tramp, we shall have in the midst of the great city oases of crime, cities of refuge for fugitives from the law, asylums for those whom the police wish to put where they will do the most good, green pastures where pickpockets may lie down and be at rest. No, no. An occasional policeman will help the appearance of the landscape.

It appears that the Direct Cable Company cannot place itself under the control of the Anglo-American without going into liquidation—a scheme requiring the approval of three-fourths of the stockholders. The company will do well to heed the warning of its managing director, and refrain from taking that perilous step. Once in course of dissolution it would lose the moral support it now enjoys, and may be seriously embarrassed should the Canadian Government insist upon the fulfillment of its charter. Besides, the spectacle of a corporation deliberately winding up its affairs in order to break faith with the public and the legislature to which it owes existence, must bring discredit upon all international schemes organized in London.

The appointment of Mr. Layard as British Embassador to the Porte does not give general satisfaction in England, although the public are willing to accept almost any one in place of Sir Henry Elliot, who was more Turkish than the Turks during his stay at Constantinople. Mr. Layard has attained his 60th year, and has had extensive experience as a diplomatist. His discoveries among the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon gave him great fame, which was increased by his visit to the Crimea, and his earnest efforts for military reform. He owed his political promotion to the Whigs and Liberals, and on that account may feel at liberty to pursue an independent and progressive policy at Stamboul when diplomatic relations are reëstablished.

Even a policeman has rights. The whole force should not be condemned in the public estimation because some brutal men in blue have been thrust forward of late as its representatives. With Cleary and Lewis on trial in their respective cities on charges respectively of savage cruelty and savage insolence, the public is in some danger of forgetting that the policeman who keeps out of the newspapers must usually be a pretty good officer, and that the number who do keep out is very large. But now and then one gets into print whose good deeds almost atone for the ruffianism of some of his comrades. Officer Bleil, who received a testimonial yesterday from the Commissioners for his bravery in saving life, certainly comes under this head. His record of lives saved suggests James Lambert. May his tribe increase!

Gen. Benjamin F. Butler must be highly flattered to see that his is the first name which suggests itself in connection with any new demonstration of political wickedness. He is mentioned in Washington as the leader of the carpet-bag coalition which proposes to assume control of both houses of Congress and try its hand at running the Government. We beg leave to doubt the report. Gen. Butler never goes into a coalition unless he is quite sure of success and of a reasonable profit, and he is too shrewd not to know what the effect would be on the liberal Democrats of the South of an attempt by carpet-bag treachery to hurl both branches of Congress against the Southern policy of President Hayes. Such a scheme is so clearly predestined to failure that Gen. Butler can safely be counted out.

No words can fitly paint the horrors of the famine in India. It is a picture which cannot be overcolored. A correspondent furnishes on another page some of the larger details of this great calamity, and also narrates some of his personal experiences in the afflicted region. It is pleasant to know that the British Government is making noble efforts to relieve the distress, though when the best that is possible is done, many thousands must starve. Of the six famines that have taken place in India during the past 64 years, the present is in some respects the most formidable one. It is evident that the recurrence of famines in the East must be expected at intervals in the future. In THE TRIBUNE of March 17, under the head of Science for the People, an account was given of a discovery of Dr. W. W. Hunter, Director-General of Statistics in India, which seems to make certain a connection between these famines and the periodic diminution of spots upon the sun. When sun-spots are fewest, the drouths occur that bring on famine. The discovery is likely to prove of the highest value, since it may enable future famines to be foreseen, and provision to be made against them many months in advance.

It is getting to be the fashion for Governors to scold their Legislatures. Gov. Bedle now takes the cue from Gov. Robinson, and reads his Senate a sermon. He had an excellent text, and delivered an excellent discourse, though we doubt if it had any great effect upon his congregation. The Governor's message shows that a committee of his own party in the Senate waited upon him some time ago and informed him that they would not vote to confirm Republicans for the new judgeships. It is a pity that this insolent attempt at dictation did not move Gov. Bedle to give the Republicans a larger share of these appointments than he did, and it is a pity, too, that in his message he should have thought it necessary to show that the Democrats had got nearly everything; but the action of the Democratic Senators was so flagrant that it left no room for criticism of Gov. Bedle. One Republican was confirmed because he already held one of these positions, but the other was rejected, and, being renominated, was again rejected, as was also another Republican nominated in his place, simply because he was a Republican. This exhausted the Governor's patience, and he politely told the Senate to go home. This it did. It is a good riddance of a bad lot.

SENTIMENTAL POLITICS.

It was natural for several reasons that the Republican party, during the first years of reconstruction, should be disposed to entertain very strict ideas of its duty toward the colored people of the South and to put a rather liberal construction upon the constitutional limitations of the Federal authority in dealing with them. The liberation of the subject race was the crown of the Republican party's long contest; the defense of their political rights, won at such tremendous cost, was essential to the preservation of the fruits of the war if not to the safety of the Union itself. And it was plain, very soon after the surrender Appomattox, that the freedmen could keep no rights which the General Government did not defend for them. The best men of the South, accepting the results of the war as final, and too chivalrous to continue the struggle by assassination after they had been conquered in the open field, sulked in their homes, and left public affairs to the Ku-Klux and the White League. It was absolutely necessary for the Federal power to interfere. The negro was helpless. We had conferred certain rights upon him by Proclamations and Acts of Congress, but he was utterly unable at that time to enforce them, and he hardly knew what they were. To leave him at the mercy of the most violent and unscrupulous class of Southern whites—the class which furnished the hated "slave-driver" of plantation days, cruel to the hands and despised by the masters—would have been mere brutal irony. It must have led to a new bondage, worse than the old, because resting upon terrorism instead of law. Good policy and good feeling both required that we should use the whole power of the Government, wherever it was necessary, to secure for the freedman his equality of right under the law.

A policy which rests upon philanthropic considerations is always liable to be carried to extremes, and the "enforcement policy" at the South has been especially exposed to this danger. Many true Republicans have gradually convinced themselves that the first duty of the Federal Government is to protect and hold up the colored voter in all his ways, to stand by his side when he votes, keep guard over his political meetings, pick out candidates for him, see that nobody disputes his claims to office, and find him a good seat in the railway car and a first-class grave in the cemetery. The Federal soldier is to be for the colored man a sort of guardian angel with a musket. There is no action of the colored man's life which this beneficent warden is not called upon to superintend. It is upon this theory that some very honest politicians in the Northern States are now exclaiming against the meditated "desertion" of Packard and Chamberlain by the President, the Republican State Governments of Louisiana and South Carolina representing, in their minds, the principle of protection upon which the South has been ruled ever since the war, and a refusal to sustain them by the army being equivalent to a sacrifice of "the nation's wards."

Their remonstrances do less credit to their heads than their hearts. Sentimental considerations have no place in the stern business of politics, and the people of the United States have now begun to realize that the guardianship of the freed people has been carried a little too far. The extracts which we print this morning from an address by the Hon. Stanley Matthews, delivered two and a half years ago, express the current opinion of to-day. "We have done our whole duty," said Mr. Matthews, "when we have established and enforced in favor of the freedmen "equality of right under the law. The rest, "whatever it may prove to be, he must do "for himself." If he is not able to hold a position in society and politics in competition with the superior training, education, and possibly natural capacity of his white neighbor, that is a condition of things which the General Government has no right to disturb. Congress and the President have no duty and no authority in the premises except to guarantee equality of right "under the law." If the freedman with this equality cannot take the first place in Southern society, he must sink to the second; and we do not know that any harm will come either to the State or to the colored man himself by such a natural process of adjustment. No man is fit for a position which he has not strength to hold. A State in which a class unable to maintain themselves alone are kept in authority by an extraneous armed force is not a free government and has no business in the American Union.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.

The mistakes of just men are dangerous. A mistake into which very many just and sincere men have fallen, and by which their course in an important emergency may be governed, has been stated with characteristic sharpness by the well-known correspondent, Mr. Redfield of *The Cincinnati Commercial*. To him, recognition of Nicholls or Hampton means abandonment of impartial suffrage. But recognition of Packard or Chamberlain means a continuance of that corrupt and odious rule which can be upheld only by the bayonet. Hence he cuts to the bone of the matter, as he understands it, with one keen sentence: The North must face the real question, Shall carpet-bag rule, with all its infamies, be upheld by the bayonet, or shall we allow Democrats to stamp out negro suffrage in Louisiana and South Carolina as they have in Mississippi and Georgia? The mistake beneath this reasoning is precisely that which a million honest voters at the North are in danger of making to-day. It underlies all honest opposition to the policy of the President.

Let it be granted that, if troops are withdrawn, negro suffrage will be stamped out as to the vital issue upon which parties at the South are now divided. Southern whites want local self-government. They care for nothing else. They do want that the State or city shall be ruled by its own property-owners and tax-payers and citizens, and shall not be ruled by irresponsible aliens, fastened upon it by Federal troops. On that one matter the whites of the South are practically united. They are not united about anything else, and never can be. So long as the controlling question in all politics for them is whether the Federal Government shall continue to uphold a set of carpet-baggers, who by colored votes and Federal bayonets have wrecked and robbed States and cities, the whites of the South are and will be practically unanimous. So long, they will control the colored vote for their own defense just as far as they are able. So long, fraud will be met with fraud, and bayonets with revolvers, and the South will continue to be the unsolved problem in politics and the chief danger to free institutions.

The mistake is in supposing that the danger will remain when local self-government is conceded. The instant carpet-bag domination is no longer upheld by Federal force, the instant it becomes no longer desirable for Southern whites to get control of the Federal Government in order to secure local self-government for themselves, they will divide on every question that can be named. Old antagonisms, of principle rather than of party, will control. Whigs and Democrats will fight for ancient ideas. Those who are called Southern Democrats are not united to-day in respect to any feature of Republican policy, good or bad, excepting in regard to the use of troops to maintain so-called Republicans in power. Able and sincere men at the South will contend for the right of colored citizens to vote freely and to hold office. Such men will demand education for the colored man as the only safety for the State. Do we talk of the currency? Hard-money Democrats at the South have shown as much courage and persistency as any defenders of public honor at the North, of either party. Is the tariff an issue? The South has thousands who will battle for the ideas of Clay, and other thousands who cling to the doctrines of Calhoun. If internal improvements are proposed, Southern Whigs will appeal to Southern interest, while all the teachings and traditions of Democracy will be revived to defeat them. Not a single issue can be named or imagined upon which the whites of the South will be united. Inevitably they will divide; inevitably each element will strive to secure that colored vote which will turn the scale in any State. To secure, each party must defend and protect the colored voter. And thus at last impartial suffrage will be, not abandoned or stamped out, but defended and upheld by every sane man of either party at the South.

The essence of the policy of President Hayes is that it will put out of the way the only question upon which Southern whites can be united to resist the colored men. If it succeeds, it blots out the color line forever. Here and there, when new issues arise, turbulent and brutal men may try to control the colored vote in the interest of one party. But they will be met, defied, hunted down, and punished, not by Federal cavalry, but by Southern whites, tax-payers and property-owners, of the other party. The thing will never be tried twice on any county, after a respectable body of Southern property-owners make it their business to protect the rights of all citizens. One such man can do more than a regiment of cavalry to stop bulldozers and punish assassins. Whenever the South divides, it will become a necessity for each party to defend the rights of colored men. The South will divide whenever it has gained local self-government. Take away Federal troops, only requiring that lawful and peaceful measures shall be resorted to, and the colored citizen will find himself, within a year, better protected in all rights of person, property, and citizenship than he ever could be if a thousand Federal bayonets were in every county.

SOUND SENT BY WIRE.

Red Cloud and other Sioux chiefs, when referring to a telegraphic message, have always described it as "talking through a hollow wire." If the speaking telephone becomes a familiar instrument in ordinary use, the fanciful phrase of the Indian will somewhat nearly coincide with the fact. Students of electricity have shown cause for believing that the current in ordinary telegraphy is transmitted not by the core of the wire but by its outer fibers. In calculating the capacity of the metal for carrying a current, the electrician regards the wire as if it were hollow. But neither in the picturesque phrases of half-civilized man nor in the boldest flights of fancy or tradition is there anything quite so weird as the speaking telegraph. In all the Eastern legends of magic, people who are placed wide apart never communicate directly with each other by speech. After the magician has drawn his circles in the sand, and lighted the mystic fire, and spoken the cabalistic words, he may perhaps summon the distant one by occult influence or through the agency of a genie. It is a thousand times more astounding as a mere conception that the voice, the tones, the very utterance of a friend who is miles on miles away, may be distinctly heard by the listener who holds to his ear the trumpet of the telephone. Compared with this, the transmission of music by telegraph, wonderful though it is, seems a minor achievement.

There has been, however, a very general misconception in the public mind on this very point. The confusion arises from the circumstance that there are two distinct inventions, each known as a telephone, and each capable of transmitting musical tones. Both these inventions have been exhibited to large audiences in other cities; Prof. Bell's speaking telephone at the East, Mr. Gray's music telephone at the West. As the latter of these is soon to be shown to a New-York audience, our readers will doubtless be interested in a detailed account of the mode of transmission. In other columns we present this morning an explanation of the methods by which each of these instruments does its work. Each is valuable in its own field, and the most of what either one can do, the other cannot do at all—at present. The speaking telephone can, of course, transmit vocal music as easily as speech; the other instrument can only send such music as is played upon its piano keys at the further end of the line. But how far the capabilities of either instrument may be extended, nobody can guess.

It is already obvious that by means of Mr. Gray's telephone ordinary telegraphic messages may be sent to any one distant station, and not be repeated by the instruments at any other stations on the line. This is a decided advantage. As things are now, the most confidential communications between distant points may be tapped at any office in the circuit. Doubtless many of our readers who have stopped while waiting for a train, to have a chat with the telegraph clerk at a way station, have heard him mention that his instrument, ticking away in lively style, was repeating a message in which he had no concern—a message between other places on the line. In war times a lively business used to be done by "tapping "the wires." Mr. Gray's telephone may dispense with the need of taking all the telegraph operators on a circuit into one's confidence, narrowing the matter down to two, the sending and receiving operators. Prof. Bell's telephone may dispense with the telegraph clerk altogether, and enable the sender of a message to talk into the very ear of the receiver. But then suppose, in the latter case, that somebody who has no business in the affair applies his telephonic funnel somewhere along the line while a very confidential message is passing. Greater scandals than were ever poured into the ear-trumpet of Dame Elinor Spearing may be absorbed by the telephone tapper. It is yet too soon to predict whether the new inventions will fully secure what is most of all needed, the sacred privacy of telegrams.

A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS!

Some of our more kind-hearted cotemporaries think that Lee, the Mormon murderer, must have been insane. There are a few people who hold the same theory about the well-known lawyer who lately and mysteriously disappeared. The Rev. Zebulon Phillips having absconded from Amsterdam, N.Y., with a great quantity of other people's money, after having for a long time enjoyed the admiring confidence of the community, it is now inclined to the opinion that the Rev. Zebulon Phillips must be a lunatic. Perhaps it is creditable to the world that it never gets accustomed to these instances of moral breaking down. It still believes respectability to be respectable. No matter how many clergymen may bring scandal upon the cloth, society wants preaching, and goes to hear it from those who have not lost their good reputations.

This theory of lunacy in one sense is a just one. Every moral obliquity has its mental side, inasmuch as honesty is the best policy, and the wrong-doer never reasons accurately; and this is why so many of them are caught and punished. Hence the popular notion that the devil deserts his own at last. Shrewdness is at fault; precaution blunders; cunning makes mistakes; cleverness sets traps for itself. In this sense we may fairly say that the Rev. Zebulon Phillips was not in his right mind. Neither was the bookkeeper who vanished the other day with the money of the Brooklyn Bank, and who behaved in such a preposterous way. So, too, juries think murder to be such an utterly irrational thing (as considered from one point it undoubtedly is) that the defense often pours its theory of insanity into perfectly willing ears.

A man may, however, be somewhat insane and at the same time morally responsible. Admit this, and the trifling which has disgraced our criminal jurisprudence will disappear. It is a great mistake to suppose that even the inmates of lunatic asylums have no moral sense. Some of them are there because they have persistently cultivated a habit of disregarding it. They did wrong so frequently that finally they lost the power of doing right. If the Rev. Zebulon Phillips had never tampered with conscience, he would not have turned out a thief. Insanity, or what we call insanity, is often nothing more than a confirmed habit of doing wrong. A great many steal because they cannot help stealing, but they are locked up all the same.

COLLEGE GRAVE-DIGGING.

"Vathek," the marvelous Eastern tale, which Byron pronounced to be far superior to "Rasselas," was written at a single sitting of three days and two nights. The pace was too fast for a young man of four-and-twenty, and Beckford paid the penalty of nervous prostration and a dangerous illness. The killing stride which he took under the spur of imagination and literary excitement, American collegians fall into very naturally through injudicious courses of training and the incautious zeal of teachers and friends. It is a national characteristic to do too much too quickly, and nowhere are the evils of this dangerous habit more apparent than in our schools. We recently had occasion to preach a lay sermon on the tendencies of the forcing process as illustrated by the melancholy suicide of young Schwerdtfeger, an overworked student of Cornell University, and our remarks have called forth two communications, one of which will be found in our columns of correspondence from the people, while the other is appended here:

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: I have often felt like thanking you for the words you have spoken against the pernicious system of forcing students into prominence at the risk of their present health and future contentment. Yet I think that you lend your presence and encouragement to an association calculated to produce, in their worst form, all the evils which you deplore. In view of the recent sad occurrence, which is directly traceable to the intercollegiate literary contest of a few months ago, I ask you, in the name of humanity, to use your influence, through the columns of THE TRIBUNE as well as personally, to prevent a repetition of what cannot be called by any milder name than murder. YALE.

New-Haven, March 27, 1877.

If "Yale" will read the letter which comes to us from Schwerdtfeger's intimate friend he will be compelled, like ourselves, to admit that this suicide cannot be justly ascribed to the forcing process. The mind of this brilliant student seems to have been clouded with morbid fancies. He inherited a taint of insanity, and appears to have cherished thoughts that were as unwholesome as Ophelia's dreams. He had a presentiment that he was to die as Chatterton had died. He brooded over the fate of the wretched boy-genius at Bristol. Among his papers has been found a sketch of a tombstone with an inscription recording his own death at the date which would have made his age accord with that of Chatterton. He had ill-health from the outset; his associates held him back rather than spurred him on; and his suicide seems to have resulted from a morbid impulse. The direction of so phenomenal a nature was a delicate task, and we do not see that the professors and friends acted injudiciously. Abnormal tendencies and inherited taints caused his death; overwork may have aggravated them, but it was at the worst an indirect agent. His fate is a strange psychological study.

While we wrote under a misapprehension of the facts of the case, as they are now revealed to us, we said nothing to justify the onslaught which our New-Haven correspondent makes upon the intercollegiate literary contests. Beckford struck off his romance at too intense a heat and was sick unto death; does it follow that literary genius should not be fired with enthusiasm? Several of Mr. Moody's converts have been crazed by religious excitement; does it follow that there should be an abatement of religious zeal and an abandonment of revival services? The awards of the Intercollegiate Literary Association form a species of scaffolding by which students can attain the hights of scholarship; shall the framework be torn down because a reckless climber has mounted too fast, overstrained himself and fallen to the bottom? Is ambition to be repressed simply because it sometimes "o'er-"leaps itself and falls on the other side?" Even if young Schwerdtfeger's death could be traced directly to overwork in connection with the recent competition in this city, we should hesitate before condemning the intercollegiate literary contests. Intellectual labor will never kill a student so long as it rests upon a physical basis. If he attempts to work like a disembodied spirit, he will learn very soon that he is in the flesh. Nature will warn him to arrange his life so as to find time for rest, recreation, and exercise. The most ambitious brain-worker can labor as many hours as did Leonardo da Vinci, if, like him, he never forgets to take his horseback ride, and lets Nature have her own way for the rest of the day. Neglect of exercise, impaired digestion, sluggish vitality, chronic nervousness, and physical exhaustion—these are the fruits of a dangerous forcing system which not only overheats the student's ambition, but chills his faith in the efficacy of exercise and rest, and, by shutting him up all day with his books and keeping him up two-thirds of the night, starves out the natural man. Brain-work will not kill so long as the faculties are not strained during periods of physical exhaustion. Disregard of rest, exercise, and recreation—that is the fatal habit. The intercollegiate contests promote thorough scholarship in the classics, mathematics, metaphysics, oratory, and literature. It is a legitimate and intelligent method of quickening intellectual life in our colleges. Those who take part in the contests have formed habits of study and life in their own colleges. If graves are dug, they dig them themselves.

THE STONE AT THE SEPULCHER.

Yesterday Christians gathered beneath the shadow of the dark cross on far-away Calvary, while hosts of other people, professing to be neither good nor Christian, looked back at it with an awful doubt. Was it indeed this which could aid them through their every-day worries and through that strait of death which must come to them at last? To-morrow all Christians will rejoice in the risen Lord, and even such of us as do not acknowledge Him in words will think of His triumph over death with unwonted tenderness, simply because there is not one of us who has not laid down a mother, a child, or a friend in that solid yellow clay under foot, and our hope for ever finding them again rests in that old story of the Nazarene.

Upon this day He lay buried out of sight, as our dead do now. The tumult which He had kindled throughout the Roman province had been sharply checked. Nothing more was to be hoped or feared from the son of the carpenter. He was not the Messiah who was to break Cæsar's yoke: He was not the great prophet Elijah returned to lead the people out of sin—because He was dead. It was true that the earth was shaken when He died, that the sun vailed its face: but He did die. Nothing remained but to lap the body in a few poor spices, to weep over it, and there was the end. We can see how, on this stunned, breathless day, even His enemies missed in the crowded streets the tall figure in its seamless robe, the visage more marred than any man's, in which even their dull sense had told them a God went by. There was His mother, too; John, whom He had loved; the blind and deaf whom He had cured; Lazarus, himself brought back from death, wandering through the rocky hills and their dreary gray olive groves, or in the narrow streets of the great Oriental city, finding them all vacant. There is no evidence that any of them believed that He would rise again. Joseph, a rich, well-meaning friend of Jesus, begged His body, paid it all honor, but rolled a heavy stone to the door of the sepulcher.

Now nobody can read this story without perceiving how closely alike the condition of the world is just now to this intermediate day. Very few of us doubt that Christ was here alive: very many of us doubt that He is here alive now. Thinking men tell you that if the truth, the stern integrity, the broad brotherhood of humanity which Jesus of Nazareth preached, could work like leaven in this world of to-day, it would purify and elevate. But they do not find the Great Teacher. He is not in the streets among the "dangerous "classes;" He is not in the prisons, nor in Wall-st. You do not find Him at massacres in Servia, in Indian wars, in political jobbery or government corruption. The poor man looks into the costly fashionable church where he must pay his year's income to buy leave to hear of Him, and he is certain that the lowly Savior is not there. Is He dead, then? Many think so; and others think that the day for His teaching is over, and they put Kant or Emerson or Darwin in His place as the world's helpers. But the great mass of honest believers and of all clear-minded thinkers know that He is alive, that the only advances made by the world in civilization have been made by adherence to His teaching, and the only retrocessions have been from denial or corruption of Christianity. Even in heathen countries we find how their progress toward civilization has been caused by those religious doctrines which they held synonymous with Christianity—as in many in the creeds of Confucius and Buddha. In our own political history even the skeptic must acknowledge how quickly prosperity has followed every right word and right action—as, for instance, within a few weeks after years of wholesale corruption the heart of the people responded instantly to the first movement toward plain integrity of action on the part of an honest man, and declared it to be the highest statesmanship.

It is the cheer and strength of the world that Christ is alive. It is its shame that His friends, well-meaning and often rich as Joseph, roll heavy stones to the door of His sepulcher and keep Him out of sight. Money spent to gratify their æsthetic tastes on carved stones and stained glass, while thousands of His poor are starving in back alleys in soul and body, is a stone. Blind bigotry, the bitterness of sectarianism, the Pharisaic pride which bars its ten-foot fold on the lean sheep within and sends the myriads without straight to hell—are they not all stones? So dead the Christ lies within that there is but feeble hope that He will rise again. There are none of us, in short, who, in His name, speak a false word or live a sham life who do not help to bar His sepulcher. He will rise as surely as to-morrow's sun. But it will not be we who shall have rolled away the stone.

There is nothing very laughable about it—at least not to some people—and yet it is impossible to read it without smiling some. We mean by "it" the list of the electrotype plates, assets of the well-known book house of John B. Ford & Co., with the values put upon them by a member of the firm in his testimony before the Register. The list made a distinction between cash value and future possible business value of the plates, and of a certain book it is thus irreverently reported: "Man's Immortality—of no value either way," which seems to indicate rather a short life for a book about immortality. We are also rather shocked to read "Life of Christ, by Henry Ward Beecher—Speculative—no present value;" but it is encouraging to know that this ill-starred production has a future possible business value of $5,000. "Christ in Art, mortgaged to Morey of Boston," is worth nothing now, but may be worth $10,000. One series of Mr. Bryant's "Poetry and Song" is also in the limbo of mortgage, but will be worth $5,000 by-and-by. The plates of "A Good Match" are worth what they will fetch as old metal. So are those of the works of "Eli Perkins," though the appraiser is of opinion that Mr. Perkins may by-and-by go up to $100. There is more reality than romance about the fact that the book called "Romance and Realities" is only worth what it will bring as type metal. There are other books worth "nothing either way;" among them Pastor Halliday's "Little Street Sweeper." Some of the valuations are mysterious. Thus the work called "Patton's Concise History" is worth $100 now, but has no future possible business value. Sometimes the terms are varied. Thus it is said of Assistant Pastor Halliday's "Arousing Souls" that it is worth "nothing at all," now or prospectively, which is stating a disagreeable fact rather curtly. But the Assistant Pastor is in good company, for we are pained to say that "Sir Philip Sidney" is also valued at "nothing at all," while the "Overture of Angels" by Mr. Henry Ward Beecher is only worth what it will bring from the type founders to be melted. These are melancholy depreciations, but when "Our Seven Churches" are put down as good for nothing but to be sent to the pot, what can we expect?

This is a good year for THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC. Five large editions have been sold since January, and a sixth will be on our counters this morning. The secret of its unprecedented sale is very simple: it is a good Almanac, and contains what people want—the political news and official statistics of the year, accurately compiled and conveniently arranged. The Appendix issued with the fifth and sixth editions contains an outline of the history which the American people have made during the exciting Winter that has closed. Within the compass of sixteen pages are embraced the text of the Electoral Commission bill and the proceedings of the Tribunal and the two Houses in relation to the electoral count from first to last. The success of the Appendix has been as marked as was that of the earlier editions of THE ALMANAC. A large number of subscribers who had already purchased THE ALMANAC have sent for the supplementary edition, which is issued at the same price—twenty-five cents a copy. The favor with which THE ALMANAC has been received is very gratifying to us, as we have taken great pains this year to secure accuracy in execution, completeness in form, and promptness in publication. The changes rendered necessary by the New-Hampshire election and the choice of two Senators and four Congressmen have been made in the sixth edition, so that the register of the XLVth Congress is now complete.

The eccentricities of the Emperor of Brazil have been much talked about in Rome, and great amusement has been created by a carte-de-visite which he presented to Count Manniani, bearing the autograph "Professor Dom Pedro de Alcantara." His most remarkable exploit, however, was inviting to an entertainment the diplomatic corps accredited